

Whole Number 293

Mr. Welch's letter reminds one of the scene in Foote's *Lame Lover*, in which Sir Lub confesses to his friend *Sergeant Circumst*, a detainee of a crim. con. with his wife, ending each par-

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RUSSIAN VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

get some blankets, with which he endeavored to stop the howl, but found it of no use, as the force of the sea, washed them in again; that he then filled the topside with coconuts, if possible, to get her safe into the harbour. That about three miles and a half from the shore, with the assistance of a plank, he succeeded in getting ashore about four o'clock the following morning. He then endeavored to make his way as far as he could, but he then went to a house where he was told he could, that he then went to Mr. Roberts' ferry, where he found an order to go to Mr. Roberts' ferry, where he died. That from thence he went to the plantation of Mr. Schermer, where he stayed the night before he died. That he was in the morning came to town. That the brig was captured and boarded between twelve and one o'clock of the day of their leaving port, and that the pirates took her as a suppers, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. That after coming on deck, he discovered marks of blood near the rail, and pieces of watches, hair and wearing apparel strewn about the cabin and deck. That he saw a man, who he thought was a pirate, and the appearance of blood, that the captain and crew were murdered.

This done and protested before me, the day and year above written.

Witness my hand and seal of office, hereunto affixed.

(Signed) LOUIS L. SHORMAKER,
C. C. A. U. S. A.

FOR THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

Last evening we had MILMAN'S *Paris*, with the highly diverting farce of the *Sleep Walker*. The tragedy, written before the genius of the author had been corrected by the taste which has brought some of his later productions so near to perfection, is much better on the stage than in the closet. With the exception of one ghostly actor, and that a principal one, it was well performed last night. *Woe's Paris* I do not hesitate to place in competition with the most brilliant efforts of any living tragedian known to the Philadelphia stage. It is one of those skillful and highly wrought delineations, on every scene of which the critic might dwell with admiration. But for want of time, I should gladly point to the particular merits of several striking passages, in a performance so spirited, so dignified, and where the part demanded it, so pathetic.

MRS. BLAKE'S extraordinary success in an unlimited range of comic parts has led us to regard her as gifted for that line only. In the charming daughter of *Niemi*, however, she proved that the higher order of tragedy is also within her reach. If *Paris* could be repeated, with this lady as the representative of *Bianca*, I cannot doubt that the piece would give great and increasing satisfaction. The tones of her voice, in the management of which she is eminently skilful, would produce an effect, perhaps not more powerful but certainly much more tragic, than the most head-rending scream that ever shook the roof of a theatre.

Of *Mrs. EMERY* I will only say that if the violence with which she dashed herself against the floor injured her own limbs no more than it touched the feelings of the spectators, she has had a lucky escape. The other parts were respectably acted.

The farce went off with great eclat, and the house rang with laughter and applause. *Wm. Sumner* is well played, the manner in which the word and the action are suited to each other, is as irresistibly ludicrous as the dumb oratorio—game, by the way, in which *Dr. FRANKLIN* took so much delight that some of his friends thought him the inventor. *ROBERT'S Sonnet* I have never seen equalled, except by *Mathews*. It overflowed, from beginning to end, with the genuine spirit of low comedy. This excellent comedian never descends to buffoonery, and

when he exerts himself, is always good.

TOTHILL'S McGuire was a mixture of grace and indifference. The equivoque was very distressing in the scene where he is mistaken for a woman in man's clothes. KELLEY can play very well, when he chooses to keep within bounds as he did last night, in *Mimi*. PHILLIPS and SEYTON both deserve a word, and Mrs. STICKNEY was really excellent as Mrs. Desdemona. No company is complete without an actress in this line; and Mrs. STICKNEY, since she has learned to be less prodigal of her voice, is highly valuable. Miss WARRING, like her mother, looks well in boy's apparel; but, when she next puts on the pantaloons, I advise her to lengthen her steps. A little more exertion of the voice, too, is necessary. She might occasionally take a lesson, in this respect, from the "angle truss" part-petted;" that occasionally find their bearings in the side boxes.

COLLEY CIBBER.

A match race for \$100 was run on the 14th ult., in Pittsylvania county, Va., by Oren Atkins and John W. Boling, ten miles distance, starting at the store of Messrs. Smith & Moorman, and keeping the road nearly in a northerly direction. The greatest anxiety was manifested by the friends of the parties. Boling is a tall, trim looking young man, about 21 years of age, trying to be a favorite courier, though with few known ones, and Atkins is a stout, rough wadded fellow, about 36 years old, in heavy parties, and who were fully acquainted with his speed and bottom, predicted a quite different result. When the time of starting had nearly arrived, the friends of the parties, who were fearful of disagreeable consequences, endeavored to have the race drawn, to which Atkins showed some de-

